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Continental Editor : M. PASCAL FORTHUNY

No. 203. VOL. 18.

AUGUST, 1930.

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FORWARD

The Marylebone Spiritualist Association
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SUNDAY EVENINGS AT 6.30 P.M.

Speaker	10th AUG.	Clairvoyante
Mr. Hannen Swaffer.		Mrs. Estelle Roberts.
	17th AUG.	
Mr. Ernest Hunt.		Mrs. Esta Cassel.
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THE PASSING AND RETURN OF SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

WE deeply regret to record the sudden passing of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, the dearly-beloved and supreme Apostle of the Spiritualist Movement, which took place at Windlesham, Crowborough, on the morning of July 7.

Though the loss of his physical presence is deeply felt by his own family, and came as a great shock to the whole world of Spiritualists, we rejoice to know that already in the privacy of his own home the living presence of his immortal soul has been discerned, and on Sunday night, July 13, at a great Memorial Service in the Albert Hall, he was seen in his spiritual body by Mrs. Estelle Roberts, the supremely gifted clairvoyante, and through her gave a message of great comfort to Lady Doyle and his family.

LADY CONAN DOYLE'S WONDERFUL TRIBUTE.

AT the Funeral Service, held on the lawn at Windlesham, in the presence of three hundred distinguished and humble friends, the Rev. C. Drayton Thomas read the following triumphant Tribute from Lady Conan Doyle to her husband's noble life and glorious work for humanity :—

“**SIR ARTHUR** will continue his work for the spreading of this great knowledge which soothes the mourner's heart, which proves immortality, and which will eventually alter the whole human outlook upon human affairs and so uplift the world.

“His great spirit will help all those who are trying to open the people's eyes to this God-given, God-sent knowledge.

“He is not dead, but living in a bigger, higher and more wonderful vibration of Life and able always to come to this vibration.

“God bless him for his beautiful and unselfish life, for his courage and fearlessness, for his never-failing championship of injustice, and for helping those who were in need or in sorrow.

“Never a thought of self touched his daily life. Never did a man more truly and faithfully walk in His Master's footsteps.”

Then at the Graveside, Mr. Drayton Thomas continued her Ladyship's beautiful Tribute as follows :—

“**SIR ARTHUR !** We know that you are with us although we have not eyes that can see beyond this small earth vibration. We are all here to show the great love and respect we bear for you, and we thank you for all you did by your example fighting for truth and what is right and just, and for the comfort you have brought to countless thousands all over the world by your teaching and self-sacrificing life.

“May God and His angel ones fill your heart with happiness, joy and peace ! God's richest blessings surround you. Amen.

“We know that it is only the natural body that we are committing to the ground. The etheric body, or as St. Paul said the spiritual, is the exact duplicate and lives on and is able, when the psychic conditions are attuned to the spiritual, to even show itself to the earthly human eyes as has been proved in countless numbers of cases all over the world. The human body is only like an old coat which is worn out and thrown aside. What is inside it lives on for ever, for there is no Death—only Life Eternal.

“The Beloved one here will continue to keep close to those who love him although they have not the sight to see him.

“Only those who have that God-given extra sight—Clairvoyance—will be able actually to see the form which is so dear to them, but he will make his presence felt and known in their daily lives and so be able to uphold and guide and keep them in all Peace, and to inspire them to prepare themselves by their daily actions to be worthy of the wonderful life in the higher world where he has gone when they have done the work which God sent them to do on this earth plane.”

The Circumstances of Sir Arthur's Passing.

NO GLOOM IN THE HOUSE, NO BLINDS DRAWN, NO HUSHED VOICES.

SOON after news reached London that Sir Arthur Conan Doyle had passed beyond, many newspaper correspondents arrived at Crowborough to secure details of the final scenes of his life on earth, and we here reproduce the excellent account written on the spot by a special correspondent of the *Daily Herald* :—

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle died at 9.15 a.m. to-day, at his home here. Sir Arthur, who was aged seventy-one, had been ill since November. There is no gloom in the house. Lady Doyle, who sat by his bedside continuously for two days and nights, is mercifully sleeping.

His last words before he fell into final unconsciousness were to her—"You are wonderful."

Before that, every time he became conscious for a few moments he had made a joke. And the two sons, the daughter and the wife who were with him laughed, too, although they guessed he was going to die.

DAUGHTER'S SHOCK.

Miss Mary Doyle, Sir Arthur's daughter by his first wife, went away for the week-end, before Sir Arthur was suddenly taken worse. She spent the last three days in complete ignorance of the seriousness of his illness. The remainder of the family could not get in touch with her, even with the help of the police.

This afternoon Miss Doyle went to London, and there saw a news' bill announcing her father's death.

She caught the next train here, and collapsed as soon as she reached home.

SON'S "WONDERFUL."

But nobody else is showing grief. No blinds are drawn. For every member of the family is convinced that the head of the house will remain with them, that they will be able to talk to him and feel his presence and love just as before he died.

Mr. Denis Conan Doyle talked to me about his father, not in a hushed voice, but normally, glad and proud to talk about him.

"He was the most wonderful husband and father that ever lived," he said, "and one of the greatest men."

"He was greater than most people knew, because he was so modest. In sport alone, he played first-class cricket, was a good footballer, a good golfer, and almost in the championship class at billiards."

LOVERS TO THE END.

"His brain and courage were tremendous, and he had the most lovable character it is possible for anyone to have."

"He and my mother were lovers to the end. When she heard him coming she would jump up like a girl and pat her hair and run to meet him. There had never been greater lovers than these two."

"If it had not been for our knowledge that we have not lost him, I am certain that my mother would have been dead within an hour."

"It will be terrible for her, as it is. We shall all have to concentrate on trying to find something to occupy her mind."

"She was so brave. Every time he opened his eyes, even though she knew he was dying, she smiled and appeared bright. They worshipped each other."

"My father became ill after overworking himself on a Spiritualist lecture tour in Scandinavia. When he came back he was taken from the boat on a stretcher."

"The doctor told him it was angina pectoris (heart disease), and he was not to move from his bed in any circumstances. But he had promised to speak at an Armistice Day meeting the next day."

"We could not stop his going. As we drew up at the Albert Hall, he had an attack, and nearly died in the taxi."

"But he went on the platform and spoke, and at night kept another promise to speak at the Queen's Hall. He had been ill ever since."

"HE WILL SPEAK TO US."

"I know perfectly well I am going to have conversations with him."

Mr. Adrian Conan Doyle, a son of Sir Arthur, made this statement when questioned as to whether Sir Arthur had spoken before his death of communicating with his family.

He declared :—"My father fully believed that when he passed over he would continue to keep in touch with us. All his family believe so, too."

"There is no question that my father will often speak to us, just as he did before he passed over."

"We shall always know when he is speaking, but one has to be careful, because there are practical jokers on the other side as there are here. It is quite possible that they may attempt to impersonate him."

"But there are tests which my mother knows, such as little mannerisms of speech, which cannot be impersonated."

The Funeral Ceremonies at Crowborough.

MANY of the newspapers gave sympathetic accounts of the beautiful pastoral funeral which took place in the garden of Sir Arthur's Sussex residence, on July 11, and the following, written with full understanding and fine appreciation, touching throughout just the right note, by the special correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, several readers have requested us to quote :—

GARDEN GRAVE FOR CONAN DOYLE—BURIAL BESIDE HIS STUDY HUT—WIFE'S TRIBUTE AND MESSAGE.

Crowborough, Friday.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's body rests within a few feet of the garden hut in which the ever-active intellect did so much of its work.

This simple wooden erection, furnished only with a table and chair and a couple of book-laden shelves, is in a secluded part of the ground attached to the house so pleasantly situated about two miles from here.

Behind it stands a line of fir trees—tall sentinels over the tomb in front—while all around are masses of evergreens and flowers.

The burial this afternoon was simple and beautiful—intimately typical of the great, generous soul that had passed. It was a Spiritualist funeral, and running through the whole of the service was an insistence, not only on the immortality of the spirit, but on the belief in its ability to return to the scenes in which its earthly clay had lived, worked, and loved.

In a beautiful message composed by Lady Doyle, as well as in the several other panegyrics, confidence was expressed in reverent terms that the spirit of the famous author will find means to revisit this earth and to commune with those dear to him.

FEW IN MOURNING.

Two or three hundred people were surrounding the lawn when the coffin, covered with crimson roses, was borne out of the ivy-clad house. Few of the people wore mourning. Lady Doyle was in a dark grey dress. Miss Jean Doyle—known popularly and affectionately as "Billy"—had a light grey frock; while the dress of Miss Mary Doyle—daughter of Sir Conan Doyle's first marriage—was of dark material. Close to his mother stood Mr. Adrian Doyle. His brother Denis was lying in his room suffering from laryngitis. His window remained wide open, so that he might hear the service.

Near the coffin as it rested on the lawn, mutely grieving over the departure of his master and constant companion, lay the Airedale "Paddy." He was on a chain—unnecessary for so docile an animal—held by Miss "Billy."

It was on a picture of singular pastoral peacefulness that the sun blazed down. The brief service was accomplished to the rustling of a gentle breeze through the trees and the opulent foliage of this romantic old-world garden. The singing of "Open my eyes that I may see" was followed by the reading of several portions of Scripture by the Rev. C. C. Angell, of Evercreech Vicarage, Bath (brother-in-law of Sir Arthur).

WIFE'S TRIBUTE.

Then the Rev. C. Drayton-Thomas, Wesleyan Minister, of Bromley, offered up a prayer.

A deeper hush came over the assembly as Mr. Thomas read in moving tones a tribute to the memory of her husband written by Lady Doyle. There is "no death—only life eternal"—as the words of the message rang out with dramatic clearness, re-echoing through the encircling trees, it was easy to believe that the spirit which had shaken off its physical garment was very near his beloved ones.

With reverent confidence the wife spoke of her belief that her husband will find ways of entering into the daily lives of those still dear to him. She recalled "his unselfish life, his courage, his fearlessness, his championship of those suffering injustice, his help to those in need and

sorrow. Truthfully and faithfully he walked in his Master's footsteps."

The singing of "God be with you till we meet again" concluded this part of the service.

Later, at the graveside, there was read a direct message to her husband by Lady Doyle. It was a further beautiful testimony to the great love that Sir Arthur had inspired: it prayed that "God and His angels may surround you with peace and joy."

A tribute was paid, too, by an old friend, Mr. E. W. Oaten. "Your heart, Sir Arthur," he said, gazing skyward, "holds for ever the love of those whom you appear to have left."

Many lovely wreaths lay around the grave, and the whole of this garden nook was a bower of flowers. All the people present walked past the tomb, into which many flowers were dropped. When evening fell the body of the distinguished story-teller was left in solitude, within so short a distance of the table at which he had weaved so many a romance.

On the table there lay a pile of writing paper, a pen, and an inkpot.

Those present included:

Mrs. Champion de Crespigny (president of the British College of Psychic Science), Viscount and Viscountess Molesworth, the Rev. Dr. John Lamond, Mr. R. H. Saunders, Mrs. St. Clair Stobart (president of the Spiritualist Community), Mr. Oswald Hickson (representing the Crimes Club), Mr. John Lewis, Mrs. Forbes, the Rev. G. Vale Owen, Sir Henry Cowan, Sir Robert Gower, M.P., Sir Frank Newnes, Mr. A. S. Watt. The Authors' Club was represented by Sir Gilbert Parker, Mr. Lacon Watson, Mr. E. W. Lancaster, and Mr. Algernon Rose (secretary).

Among others whose presence we noted were:—

Mrs. Ashton Jonson, Mrs. Robertson Roger, Miss M. Phillimore (representing the London Spiritualist Alliance), Mr. David Gow, Mr. George Craze, Mr. Hannen Swaffer, Mr. Maurice Barbanell, Mr. and Mrs. Brittain, Mrs. Wesley Adams, Mr. W. C. F. Anderson, Mrs. Kelway Bamber, Mrs. Colway (representing the B.S.L.U.), Mr. J. B. Campling, Captain Desmond Tuck, Colonel Belk, Mr. John Glynn, Mrs. Foster, Dr. Valentine Griffin, Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Plunkett Checkermain, Mr. Bartlett, Mr. and Mrs. Livingston.

LADY DOYLE ON SIR ARTHUR'S LAST DAYS ON EARTH.

IN a brief interview we had on Monday, July 14, Lady Conan Doyle spoke of Sir Arthur's wish to disperse the gloom of funerals, and of his gigantic work for Spiritualism, as follows:—

"My dear husband could not bear the ordinary burial services, and he said only a week or so ago that he would like to write an outline of what he would like for a happier burial service—something that might start a new epoch in the history of funerals. We then discussed different ceremonies, and I tried to give effect to his ideas when we deposited his mortal remains in the flower-lined grave beside his garden study.

"I intend when we all pass over—when our whole family have gone on—that that ground shall still be left as a sacred spot."

"Will there be some monument there?" we asked.

"The only monument at present," replied Lady Doyle, "will be flowers."

Continuing, Lady Doyle said—"His last week in life was spent in fighting to get the antiquated and unjust laws altered so that our mediums should get fair play, for he felt that the Spiritualists were the only people without religious freedom. The blacks of Africa and of our own Colonies have religious freedom, but the Spiritualists of our own country have not, and he was determined to fight to the end so that that great wrong should be righted.

"I consider it accelerated his end to go to the Home Office. He literally gave his life for the Cause, for if he had taken greater care of himself he might have been with us some years longer. The Spiritualists have little conception of the gigantic work he has been doing behind the scenes all the time. If he could have had less work and been able to ease up more, I am convinced he would be with us now. And it is up to those who have been slack in the past to come to the fore now and take up the burden of it.

"They left too much on his shoulders. So many have received great comfort, and they have hugged it to themselves and not given it to their fellow-beings in the world, and so many have had money and have not spent it in helping the Cause as my husband did quietly all the time.

"To the end there was always just that bright responsive look in his dear eyes, and he would still make a little joke so long as he had the strength to do it.

"I will tell you one little incident, typical to my mind, of his life. One day not long ago he came back from his walk and found at the door a poor man whose boots were all worn out. He asked my husband if he could give him some, and there and then he took off his own and gave them to the poor man. That was typical of my husband's daily actions in every respect."

In Memoriam

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

The world is poorer, for a gallant soul,
Stout friend and champion of the sore oppressed,
Has run his race, has reached his final goal,
And full of honour entered into rest.

On earth he won well-merited renown,
No page that could offend, no trap for youth;
And adding to the lustre of his crown,
His heart was fearless in the quest of truth.

His mind was vigorous, healthy, lofty, pure,
Soaring above the sordid and the base;
His work a monument that shall endure,
His life an honour to the human race:
Indeed "a perfect, gentle knight,"
Whose memory we can cherish with delight.

JUNIUS,

In *Burton-on-Trent Gazette*.

MRS. ST. CLAIR STOBART'S APPRECIATION.

"YOU HAVE MADE RELIGION A REALITY."

THE following is Mrs. St. Clair Stobart's personal tribute to Sir Arthur, which is to appear in the *Spiritualist Community Leaflet* for August. It is a graceful and grateful address to the Spirit of her great leader:—

DEAR SIR ARTHUR,—I want to thank you for all that you have been to me, for all that you have been to the Spiritualist Community, as our much loved and honoured President, for all that you have been to Spiritualism in general, for all that you have been to humanity. I want to thank you for your great example, for your courage, your loyalty, your zeal, your wholeheartedness in the Cause of Truth.

In the offices of newspapers, you will be remembered as the creator of Sherlock Holmes, a figure of fiction, but in the Annals of Eternity you will live as the Apostle of the doctrine of Survival. For as Paul of Tarsus preached the doctrine of Eternal Life on the continents of Europe and Asia, you have preached that same doctrine on every continent of earth, and you have sown spiritual seed which will, if harvesters are plentiful, bring rich harvest in the days to come.

You will soon, I am sure, with your tireless energy, be devising better means of communication between our two planes of life, but in the meantime, we of the Spiritualist Community must try, humbly, and afar off, to follow your example and devote ourselves to furthering the Cause for which you gave your life—your earthly life.

Of very few people can it be truly said that they are irreplaceable, but in your case, as the Leader of the Spiritualist Movement, this is sadly true. Therefore, dear Leader, we of the rank and file, inspired by the knowledge that you will still lead those who will be led, inspired also by the memory of your many fights, your many conquests, must buckle on our armour and continue the great fight—the fight against unbelief, against materialism, against all the forces of evil.

As your life has been an inspiration, may your passing also be an inspiration to us, to spread the gospel of Survival, and to do our utmost to reap the seed which you, with so much toil and sacrifice, have sown. Only by work of which you would approve, can we now show to you our gratitude for all that you have been to our Community.

How I shall miss you! You, who in all my work for spiritualism, and for our Spiritualist Community, have been my counsellor and guide, my support in times of difficulty, my refuge in times of trouble—a dear and much loved friend.

I thank God for your life, and its great work. In all quarters of the globe, you have made Religion a reality, and brought heaven within reach. You have taken away the fear of death—you have conquered Death, and brought Immortality to light.

God bless you, dear Sir Arthur, and may He richly bless your noble helpmate for her selflessness, which made possible your great labours, for her loyalty, and for the testimony which she is giving of the sincerity of her Faith—our Faith—the Faith that Man is Spirit, and does survive that incident of life, which is misnamed Death.

Personal Tributes to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

THE following personal tributes are extracts from some of the hundreds of letters of sympathy received by Lady Conan Doyle.

Sir James Barrie.

"I have always thought him one of the best men I have known. There can never have been a straighter or more honourable."

Lord Gorell.

"I write also as Chairman of the Society of Authors who have lost a staunch ally, but it is of him as a man, even above all his triumphs of the pen, that we feel his going most."

The Editor, "Morning Post."

"I was very fond of him. We have been friends for over thirty years, and I admired him as one of the most fearless and honest men I ever knew. Besides all this his friendship was a precious jewel, and I shall miss his genial laugh, his simplicity of mind, and his great honesty of endeavour."

Mr. James Douglas.

"I send you my loving sympathy in your temporary separation from his good and great-hearted nobility. No writer of our generation was more lovable or more beloved, and nobody will ever be like him to us."

Sir Anthony Hope Hawkins.

"When I was serving on an Information Department in the war, and we asked neutrals what author would be most acceptable as an exponent of the British case, the answer was almost always, 'Send us something by Conan Doyle; everybody knows his name and work.' This came from all over the world. As a man and citizen he was beyond most men a lover of justice and truth, utterly without fear of championing what he held to be just and true, and prodigal of his time and substance in supporting what he believed in. No man of his day has a finer or cleaner record, and everybody who was privileged to enjoy his friendship feels that in him we have lost one whose place cannot be filled."

Eille Norwood.

"No man worked more earnestly or unselfishly for the happiness of his fellow men. His writings have earned our admiration and thanks for the many interesting hours he has given us, but, above all, he has won our undying gratitude for the nobility of his convictions, so fearlessly proclaimed, and in which my wife and I so completely believe and are profoundly happy in doing so. He will be cherished and loved by all who had the privilege of knowing him, and so I ask to be allowed to pay my humble and affectionate tribute to his memory."

Captain Q. C. R. Craufurd.

"I cannot help adding my testimony to the magnificent temple your husband has left behind him. . . . His resignation from the Psychic Research Society at the last, was, I feel sure, a crowning act to his work. Many of us will quietly carry on the work he left to be performed and spread the 'good news.'"

Sir Frank Newnes.

"His passing on will create a great gap, and literature will lose a great figure. It is a matter of considerable pride to all connected with the *Strand* that it has been the means of bringing your husband's genius to an appreciative world."

Rev. Charles Haldon.

"He was one whom to know was to love. What a comfort it must be to you and yours to realise that he lives and will live in the affections and reverence of countless men and women in this world. Such a dear generous soul, with all his greatness!"

A Clergyman.

"A noble and beautiful life—always an inspiration to those who knew him—of unbounded generosity and kindness, courageous and tender."

Mrs. Barbara McKenzie.

"He was of the heroic mould, and inspired others, as he often did myself, to work for the truth. He did it at the cost of life itself, but he could do no other."

Captain Hugh David. (Lately commanding R.M.S. "Olympic.")

"I shall always cherish my recollections of him and the voyages which both he and you made in ships under my command. . . . His warm generous nature was really something to be grateful for in these days of strife, and his memory will live long in the hearts of English people and in my own."

From Strangers.

1. "My object was just to express in writing a tribute to the finest man who ever stood out bravely for truth."
2. "He was a man, take him for all in all, We shall not look upon his like again."
3. "I shall always count it a privilege to have known—however slightly—so noble and so great-hearted a man."

THE FLORAL TRIBUTES.

Beautiful floral tributes were sent for the funeral among others by:—

"Sweetheart, from your own beloved: *There is no Death*" (from Lady Conan Doyle); "To the best and dearest father in the world, from his ever loving son, Denis"; "To the dearest father and greatest pal, from his loving son, Adrian"; "To the most wonderful father and most perfect gentleman, and with my heart's love, from Billy"; "With all my love, Mary"; "With loving thoughts, from Leckie, K. and the boys"; "Robin Mammy, and Daddy"; "To Master, from the dog who worships you, Paddy"; "Lottie and Claire"; "To dear Uncle Arthur with love from John Doyle and Francis Doyle"; Major A. H. Wood; "Poole and Wife, Latter and Wife"; "Rogers, Lily, Mabel, and Harold Pitson"; "Phyllis and Joan Stobart"; Mrs. St. Clair Stobart; B. K. Kirkby, L. E. Singleton, and R. F. Ermen; "Four friends, in loving remembrance, Joan, Cynthia, Zoom and Ambrose, 'Members of the Gang'"; Mr. and Mrs. Holland (Dunkerton); "The British College of Psychic Science"; "Staff of the Psychic Bookshop"; "Spiritualists' National Union"; "Members of the Psychic Circle of the Lyceum Club"; "The Dutch Spiritualists in Rotterdam"; "The Marylebone Spiritualist Association"; "Officers of the Dover Spiritualist Church"; "Crede in Vitam Eternam, C.H.N."; "From Tiny, with affectionate remembrance."

"To our President, from the Council and Staff of the London Spiritualist Alliance"; "The Directors and Staff of Besson and Co., Ltd., and in memory of his Chairmanship for eighteen years"; "Estelle W. Stead and the members of the Borderland Library"; "The Spiritualists' Community"; "Members of the Detection Club (Watford)"; "In loving thoughts, from 'The Little Woodland Flowers'"; "Manchester Central Propaganda Committee"; "His fellow members of 'Our Society'"; "Authors' Club"; "Editors and Staff of 'Light'"; "The Directors and Readers of the 'Two Worlds'"; "Psychisk Oplysningsforening, Copenhagen, Denmark"; "The Proprietors of the 'Strand Magazine'"; the Hon. and Mrs. Osmund Scott; Lady Knollys; Elizabeth Lady Mosley; Sir Mortimer and Lady Isabel Margesson and Miss Margesson; Jeanetta Lady Tuck and Desmond Tuck; Lady Cowan (Fairwarp); General Sir Reginald Wingate; the Recorder of London and Lady Wild; Sir Robert and Lady Gower and the Misses Dorothy and Pauline Gower; Mrs. H. Kelway Bamber (Fulking); Mrs. H. McKenzie and family; Dr. and Mrs. M. Lovell Mackintosh; Mr. John McE. Bowman (New York); Mrs. Philip Champion de Crespigny (Westminster).

Mr. and Mrs. R. S. K. Eyre and family; Mrs. George Richards; Miss Brett; "The Committee and members of the Crowborough Ex-Service Men's Club"; Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Gresson; Mr. and Mrs. Livingstone (Newdigate); Horace Eunice Leaf; Dr. and Mrs. Ellis and Nora; Florence Chevalier; "One who has appreciated his example"; Mrs. F. Bernard Smith; Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Walter Gibbons; Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Weller; Mr. A. S. Watt (London); Mrs. Ashton Jonson; Madame Max Darewski; Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Jacomb; "For Sir Arthur's resting place, 'Estelle'"; "The Directors and Management of the Beacon Hotel (Crowborough)"; "The President, Edward Deirle, the Captain and members of the Hindhead Golf Club"; Constance Wilson; Mrs. Cecil Foster; Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Hinds and Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Ware; "The Committee and members of the Crowborough Beacon Golf Club"; G. E. S. Edalji.

LADY DOYLE AND FAMILY wish to express their deep and most grateful thanks to all the known and unknown friends who have written sympathising with them in their great sorrow.

Also to thank all those who sent such lovely flowers.

The number of letters and telegrams have been so enormous that it is impossible to answer them at present.

Lady Doyle wishes to say that the innumerable expressions of admiration, respect, and love for her dear husband—which have been pouring in and still continue to do so from every quarter and from all countries—have brought great comfort to her and her children.

The Great Memorial Service at the Royal Albert Hall.

IMMENSE AUDIENCE, WONDERFUL CLAIRVOYANCE, INSPIRING ADDRESSES.

(SPECIAL REPORT.)

"WHAT an amazing audience," exclaimed a man beside us who had never been to a Spiritualist gathering before, as he looked up and around, on arena and stalls, and tier upon tier packed with people for the Memorial Service, which was held under the auspices of the Marylebone Spiritualist Association and the Spiritualist Community "in Remembrance of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, M.D., LL.D., Knight of St. John of Jerusalem, who passed to fuller Life on Monday, July 7."

And, indeed, it was a wonderful audience. No man has ever before been so honoured by such an immense gathering at a Memorial Service. For celebrities of the Stage, for famous artists in various spheres, for the great soldiers and sailors of Britain, for dignitaries of the Church, and for the statesmen of England, there have sometimes been hundreds, and sometimes a few thousands, paying homage to their memory in churches and cathedrals. But here were at least ten thousand people on a summer Sunday evening (and many more were unable to gain admission) who had assembled to honour the great Crusader, the supreme Spiritualist.

Five hundred persons had paid for the whole of the reserved seats. Five thousand would have paid as willingly if their seats, too, could have been reserved. For it was no easy task for men and women unfamiliar with the intricate entrances into the great Albert Hall to push their way in through the enormous crowds that began to gather hours before the service. When we arrived, half an hour before the doors were opened, the spectacle presented was that of a living fresco of men and women in light summer rainment entirely encircling the building. Sometimes this solid phalanx stirred as the queues were pressed closer and closer together, and late comers came hurrying up, unable to find any break in the circle. The three quarters of an hour between the opening of the doors and the beginning of the service was not too long for these thousands to get seated, and in the interval organ voluntaries were played by Mr. F. Alford Armstrong, F.R.C.O.

The service was just what Sir Arthur would have wished, and to his dear Spirit, which was clearly visible to Mrs. Estelle Roberts, the clairvoyante, and was addressed in affectionate words by Mr. Ernest Oaten, it must have given the most perfect pleasure. The hymns—"Jubilate," "Lead, Kindly Light," "Open My Eyes," and "God be with you till we meet again"—and the solo "Abide with Me," beautifully sung by Miss Gladys Ripley, were perfectly chosen; the reading by Mrs. St. Clair Stobart was singularly appropriate; the five addresses were a conspicuous tribute; the clairvoyance was a notable triumph for Mrs. Roberts, and a splendid piece of work for the Cause (for it was well reported in some of the papers), and the Two Minutes' Silence enabled everyone to direct their thoughts to the great reception of Sir Arthur in the Spheres, and to the loving service for humanity he will still carry on.

THE ADDRESSES.

THE CHAIRMAN (Mr. George Craze, President of the Marylebone Spiritualist Association), said he congratulated everyone on taking part in the Memorial Service which would be recorded in every part of the world. In their assembled thousands they had met to express their love, their appreciation, their reverence, and their indebtedness to their arisen brother, their arisen Leader.

Also, they were there to express their appreciation of the courage of Lady Doyle and their family in giving a glorious example of confidence in the unshaken certainty that Sir Arthur's continued love would return, as proof that Spiritualism helped people even in the darkest days.

Such a gathering as that made people ask, What is Spiritualism? Very simply, it taught the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man, and when they accepted that they had a prima facie case for the continuity of life.

When a few days ago Sir Arthur was leading the deputation at the Home Office, he said to him, "We are hoping to see you at the Queen's Hall on August 10, when we commence our services there every Sunday evening." His reply was, "If I am well I shall be there, but I may be in the Spheres." To which he (Mr. Craze) replied, "Then I know you will be with us." And if they could have seen the look of confidence on Sir Arthur's face they would know he would be present on that occasion, just as he believed he was present with them that night.

In a note he had just received, Lady Doyle said:—

"I shall be grateful if you will tell the audience that an article appearing to-day in a Sunday newspaper conveys the wrong impression that Sir Arthur's materialised form is expected to appear to-night. At all his meetings I have sat at my beloved husband's side, and at this great meeting, where people have come with respect and love to do him honour, his chair has been placed beside my own, and I know he will be close to me, though our earthly eyes cannot see him. Only those called clairvoyants will be able to see his dear form in our midst."

"I want in my children's and my beloved husband's names to thank you for the love which has brought you here to-night."

The Chairman concluded by saying that many expressions of regret for unavoidable absence had been received, and a telegram had come from Sir Oliver Lodge, saying—"Our great-hearted Champion will soon be continuing his campaign on the Other Side, with added wisdom and knowledge. *Sursum corda!*"

Then the vast audience stood up, and by a two minutes' silence, reminiscent of Armistice Day, expressed its homage and grateful appreciation to Sir Arthur, the silence being concluded with the chanting of the Lord's Prayer.

MISS GLADYS RIPLEY having beautifully sung "Abide with me,"

THE REV. GEO. VALE OWEN spoke of his friendship with Sir Arthur for over ten years, but unhappily his address only reached us as a blurred sound, owing to the intervention of the megaphone. (The same applies to the next address, but Mr. Hunt has kindly sent us a summary. Thereafter, we changed our position in the hall, and heard the addresses more clearly.)

MR. ERNEST HUNT started by saying that great occasions demanded noble words, quoting the noted passage from *Ecclesiasticus*, "Let us now praise famous men. . . . Their bodies are buried in peace, but their name liveth for evermore."

It was the body that but two days before had been buried in peace, there in God's open, in ground consecrated by the truth of his own life. But that body was never Sir Arthur; it was his instrument, now broken and laid aside.

The essential self—the doughty fighter, the righter of wrongs, the spinner of tales, the evangelist of his New Revelation—that essential self still lived, having gone on—as all would one day follow—to greater tasks, higher opportunities, and nobler endeavour. For they could rest assured that there was no death, but merely the springing of an octave while the musical tone was never stilled.

So the body was buried in peace, but his name lived in the hearts of men all over the globe. He altered their thinking, their organisations, and their lives; and truth he taught would be handed down to their children and their children's children. The world had become a better for that Sir Arthur had lived in it.

Well might he say with that other evangelist—"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." And well might they write his epitaph—"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

THE REV. C. DRAYTON THOMAS.

THE REV. C. DRAYTON THOMAS said that for many years Sir Arthur was a careful student of psychic science and by personal investigation assured himself beyond the possibility of doubt that it was possible to communicate with the life beyond death—that under certain circumstances they could hold a conversation with friends whose bodies they had seen buried.

He quickly realised the tremendous importance of this fact, and like Bunyan's Mr. Greatheart, he felt bound to lead others along the way that he had found so good for himself. He took the platform and his amazing abilities brought him quickly to the leadership of the Spiritualist movement. Some people might think it was a fine thing to be a leader, to be on the big platform, to get the great applause, to be looked up to for advice, to be mentioned in the press with one's photo now and then. His leadership had meant all that, but that was nothing new. Thirty-five years ago he had been one of a crammed congregation that assembled to hear him lecture on literature. He was curious to see the author and creator of those interesting characters which had become household names wherever English was spoken. Spiritualism could give him nothing he had not won in another sphere long years before.

What did this new leadership give him? It gave him long weary hours at his desk, writing replies to broken-hearted and perplexed people who appealed to him for help. It often meant fatiguing journeys when he needed rest. It involved building up organisations, and nothing could be more distasteful to an artistic brain. He had often to help in settling disputes between fellow-workers by analysing their misunderstandings, and, hardest of all, to bear "perils among false brethren."

All that on the inward side, and what on the outward? He was accused, misrepresented, and villified in public and private. People might not know it, but a number of self-righteous bigots sent him most venomous letters, some of them anonymous. These might not have hurt some men, but a temperament like Doyle's suffered. And here was the final touch, he often failed to get help where he might reasonably have expected it. That was what Doyle had got out of his leadership, but when he took it up he was listening and answering to a call from heaven. He knew while doing his work that the call had been to a life of self-sacrifice in advancing God's plan.

And now he has finished his fight and has gone on to that great hereafter, leaving behind him many who would miss him and many who might emulate his talent and his industry. The ranks of the workers who began with him had been sadly thinned during the past ten years, and that night there were present hundreds of young men and young women to whom they must look to fill up the gaps in their thinning ranks. There, on the platform, they saw a vacant chair, and he trusted all would see the fullness of its meaning. It would be a great thing if in that historic service every person could see in that vacant chair a symbol of God's call to take up this great mission, and to qualify to become one of Doyle's successors in the coming years.

There was no greater thing they could do with their lives than to help humanity nearer God. Spiritualism was a cause worth fighting for. It was a revelation, and it surpassed all other revelations, which without it remained imperfect. Down in the future the scene would change, for the time would come when this movement would be recognised, would be popular, would be enthroned in pulpits and universities. But that time would not come automatically. It must be striven for by self-sacrificing lives like Doyle's.

MR. ERNEST OATEN.

MR. ERNEST OATEN said they were there to commemorate the passing of one who was known not only throughout this country and this world, but was known also in other worlds than this. Conan Doyle in mind and heart was the biggest man it had ever been his privilege to know. Twenty years ago he had heard him lecture on a literary subject, but it was only in 1917 that he came into close and intimate touch with him.

They came to honour his passing with a smile on their faces, and with joy in their hearts, for the knowledge they shared with him enabled them to realise that death was by no means a calamity. It was by no means the worst thing that could befall a human being; in fact, after one had reached three score years and ten it should be regarded as the most natural thing in the world. All their feet were on the same dusty roadway, leading to the eternal realm, and their comrade and friend, Conan Doyle, had passed through the little white gate into the peaceful green pastures of the larger life, to receive the right loyal welcome he had earned.

He was afraid that a great deal had still to be done before the work to which Sir Arthur had put his hand would be completed. After eighty years of Spiritualistic propaganda some of their newspapers seemed to know as little about the subject as a South Sea islander. They seemed to think that the dignity of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle should be exploited to furnish them with scare headlines, but Spiritualists themselves revered him too much for that, and if messages came from him across the veil they would be received joyfully as from a comrade and friend, and not as matter for screechings in the public Press.

He had met Sir Arthur in every mood, when he was well and ill, and he was such a human man. Seven days before his passing he was preparing to lead a deputation to the Home Secretary on the subject of the oppression of Spiritualists under the Vagrancy Act, and his one regret was that he could not attend the test cricket match, for which he had tickets! He was an all-round man, whose mind never got into a rut.

There was an opinion sometimes expressed that his mentality savoured of credulity, but no one who knew him thought so. He was the first man to see a flaw in any alleged spirit communication, and the first man to give credit to any humble medium who brought good evidential matter through.

If he had one weakness it was that he had a heart that could hardly think ill of humanity, and that was surely a virtue, for behind every appearance of human frailty

he saw the child of God in every man, whether his skin was black, brown, yellow, or white. They were there to congratulate him on his promotion.

"Sir Arthur," he continued, addressing his spirit, "we thank you for all you did; we thank you for treasured memories which will always be associated with your name; we thank God, giver of all good, that he lent you to us for so long. We thank you for the work you did for Spiritualism and within the limits of the power conferred upon us by Almighty God we will in memory of your great services keep the flag flying.

"We know you will have been met by those who loved you and we know that after your period of rest and recuperation you will still return to show that you have not forgotten those you love.

"God bless you, Doyle! May His peace rest upon you! May the companionship of His holy angels, the guidance of His eternal wisdom be yours! We shall miss your physical form. Earth's ties must be severed, the cord of life be broken; dark seems the day, bitter is the pain, but though farewells are spoken, love lives always, and we shall meet again!"

Continuing, Mr. Oaten said he knew no man who had so combined within himself all the virtues associated with the British character. He was courageous and optimistic even when the skies were dark, staunch in love and friendship, loyal to his country, faithful to his convictions, sympathetic for the oppressed and downcast. He admired the achievements of others, was passionately devoted to truth, was magnanimous to his opponent loved his fellows, and revered God.

His aims were unselfish, and he never wearied in well-doing. He had never known any greater, braver, gentler, kinder man than Conan Doyle, and though the grave had taken his body they professed their faith before God that he still lived.

His inspiration would still be the strength of the Spiritualist movement. He would probably do more for it in the next twenty years than he had done in the past twenty. "He is not dead; he doth not sleep; he hath awakened from the dream of life."

MR. HANNEN SWAFFER.

MR. HANNEN SWAFFER said that last Armistice Sunday, in a room downstairs in the Albert Hall, he had seen Sir Arthur Conan Doyle waiting to come on that platform. On the day before he had been carried from the steamer which brought him from Copenhagen, and though he was half afraid he was going to die he risked his life rather than fail those who awaited him.

Downstairs he was a grey, broken man; on the platform he nearly collapsed, and the vast audience feared that might be the last time he would address a public meeting. But at night, after getting treatment from a psychic healer he spoke again at the Queen's Hall, and was then taken to his country home to rest.

Two weeks ago, he went up the stairs of the Home Office to plead, with twenty of them, that that law should be wiped from the Statute Book which is a groaning iniquity against mediums who form the contact between this world and the other world, to plead that they should be no longer victims of police prosecutions, of Catholic persecutions, of tyranny, ignorance, and cruelty.

They asked that the Witchcraft Act of James I should be removed forthwith from the Statute Book so that the Spiritualist movement should have religious freedom. All other religions had it in this country, but Spiritualists were still persecuted. They did not even know whether they could own their churches, and in Scotland they were not allowed to conduct services for their dead. Conan Doyle told the Home Secretary that this oppression must end.

There were several Conan Doyles. There was the burly giant who once bowled out W. G. Grace twice within a week; there was the great boxing man, whom he had seen at prize-fights, which rather shocked him but very much delighted Doyle. There was Doyle, the dramatist. The first time he saw Henry Irving he was acting Corporal Brewster in "The Story of Waterloo," the best one-act play ever written by a man in this country. Sherlock Holmes plays were acted and Sherlock Holmes films were shown all over the world, and wherever one travelled the name of Doyle was known as that of the inventor of Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson.

Then there was that greater Doyle who always fought injustice; but for George R. Sims and Conan Doyle there would not be now in England a Court of Criminal Appeal, and such wrongs as that of Edalji and Oscar Slater would have remained unredressed.

Then there was a greater Doyle still who in the hour of the world's most terrible despair carried a message to bereaved women that their men were not dead, but had survived the grave. It was from then that the stupid Press sneered at him and lunatic so-called scientists derided him, but Doyle went on and on, and Spiritualism had at last become a good story in the newspapers.

Now, wherever one went, men spoke of it openly and frankly, and women told quite comfortably of their psychic experiences. Spiritualism had passed into the ordinary conversation of the day, and Doyle had done all that. It wanted a man of great reputation, a man of great courage, a man of great honesty, and a man of great charm, to do it, and Doyle had combined all these four men.

He had travelled to Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, America, and Canada with his message, and when he (the speaker) was recently in Copenhagen they were still talking of Doyle's visit there. And after every lecture he had to reply to hundreds of letters from people who had been bereaved. He wrote with his own hand letters and postcards to poor old women and lonely old men; a host of mourners got them.

They were met to honour a great man who had passed to higher service. He (Mr. Swaffer) was there in order that he might be quite certain that for the rest of his life he should stand true for the principles for which Doyle stood. He wanted to go on helping to fight injustice, to do his share in putting this old world a little bit more right. If they all pledged themselves to do that in honour of Doyle's great memory, man's earth would soon become God's heaven.

DEMONSTRATION OF CLAIRVOYANCE.

THE CHAIRMAN then intimated that a daring experiment was about to be made. Spirit descriptions would be given from that platform, the first time it had ever been attempted before such a tremendous gathering. He asked for the sympathy of the audience, for he said the clairvoyance would be much helped by a unified vibration.

MRS. ESTELLE ROBERTS.

MRS. ESTELLE ROBERTS said that on the last occasion she had given clairvoyance at the Queen's Hall, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle was on the platform looking very, very tired, but at the end of the meeting he gripped her hand, and said, "Go on! conquer! never give in!" For that reason she was there that night.

Mrs. Roberts then pointed in turn to various members of the audience, whether in arena or in high gallery, and gave them descriptions of their deceased friends whom she clairvoyantly saw in spirit beside them.

(1). To a gentleman she said, "I see standing there at the back of you the spirit form of a young soldier. He is very, very clear as he stands there. He looks to be about 24, is in khaki uniform, well-built, forehead broad, eye-brows well-marked, mouth full, drooping a little at the corners. He gives me a condition of having passed suddenly in 1916. He has his right hand on your shoulder, and is calling you Uncle Fred. Is that correct?" ("Quite correct," replied the gentleman, as he continued to do when other details were given.) Continuing, Mrs. Roberts said—"He is speaking of his brother Charles. He wants to know if you have Uncle William with you. Do you understand him? There is an anniversary within the next fortnight, is there not? A birthday in the latter part of July, and it is to do with the boy's family. He tells me there has been a little anxiety going on in your environment just lately. He wants me to tell you he is helping you. Everything will be satisfactory in what you are trying to do.

(2). "There is on the platform the spirit-form of a gentleman who wants his daughter. He says his name is John Martin, looking for his daughter Jane. (Lady says, 'Correct.') He has your mother, Mary Martin, with him. ('Yes.') Your brother Will is with them. ('Correct.') Also your sister Mary. ('Correct.') They have your sister-in-law Elizabeth with them. ('Correct.') They have also brought to see you a lady by the name of Anna. ('Correct.') Your sister Mary is very interested in something. Over your head is being shown a sheet of music. You are fond of music; it is your ambition. They want me to tell you that there is with you striving to help you one of the greatest teachers and writers of music, who was on the earth-plane many years ago. He has been with you for some time, and wants you to continue writing music. You understand that? ('Yes.') He will influence you in the writing of music, which you want so much. ('Yes.')

(3). "Standing just at the end there is the spirit form of a lady, about the age of 45 to 50. She shows me she passed into the spirit-world, having thrown herself under a horse. She is giving me her name—Emily Wilding Davidson. (A gentleman claimed her.) This lady made a compact with you to come here to-night. She told a person who received this message on a ouija-board that she would be here to-night, and asked that it should be acknowledged. (Gentleman, 'She was a Suffragette, and threw herself in front of King Edward's horse on the race-course. A friend of mine heard the message clairaudiently.') Well, she has kept her compact.

(4). "Standing up there is the spirit-form of a gentleman. He looks to me about 55 to 60, hair grey,

parted at side and brushed over. Shows a high intellectual forehead, well-marked eye-brows, eyes full, nose shapely and broad, well-cut moustache, rather a square jaw. He shows a little blue in the face, having suffered from his heart before passing. He is standing directly behind the lady there. He says he is her brother. He gives the name George. ('Yes.') Your mother is here, and Annie, your Uncle William, Uncle Charles. Your mother's brother Thomas is with them. A gentleman named George Alfred Tyler asks to be brought to you. Henry Manning, an old friend of your mother's is here, and asks to be brought to you. They are not dead, but living. Thomas Arthur Simpson sends his kind love to you. He knew you eight to ten years ago, before you had the difficulty over the money left you—

"SIR ARTHUR IS HERE!"

(Mrs. Roberts here broke off suddenly, and looking over to Lady Conan Doyle, said, 'Sir Arthur is here, he is here!')

Continuing, she said, "Another friend of the lady I am speaking to now gives the name of Margaret Elizabeth McIntyre; do you recognise her? ('Yes.') Before I leave off speaking to this lady I have a message from her father. He is very sorry over the way the money was put into Chancery upon his passing, and he wants you to know he is working from the spirit side of life to give you help in your old age, and to help you to understand the motive.

(5). "There is the spirit of a gentleman here on the platform anxious to get in touch with someone. He is calling the name of George Wilson. Is there somebody here of that name? ('Yes.') Your father on the spirit-side of life is striving to communicate with you. Do you know John? (Assent.) He has brought Thomas with him. You know Mary he has brought with him? You know Aunt Anna he has brought? ('All correct.') Your father wants to know when you are going to start working yourself. (Laughter.) That is not given for a joke; he tells me this is not the first time you have been told. ('Quite right.') Behold I stand at the door and knock. When they commence they will stand at the back of you. Your dear ones are asking me to give you all their love, and to say it makes them very happy to be here.

(6). Up in the centre of the balcony there is standing the spirit-form of a lady, quite 70 years of age, the hair, which is white, is drawn back off the forehead, which is broad and intellectual, the eyes a bluey gray, just a little sunken underneath the mouth, the chin became pointed. The lady passed out with pneumonia or bronchitis. She calls the name Anna, and is giving the name Barbara. (Recognised.) She has been some while with you striving to help you over some big crisis that is going on around you. You understand? (Assent.) Thank you. I have to give you this, Please don't attempt what you intend to do within the next week. It is going to be a great catastrophe. You have to go out of it and lock the door and leave it alone. (Assent.) She has Charlie with her, Arthur, Uncle Ted. (Assent.) The lady wants to know if you have felt any further trouble with that leg of yours. (Assent.) Well, I will give you a remedy. Apply at 42 Russell Square and see what we can do for your leg.

(7). A spirit who gave the name of John Holman and lived at Hampstead wished to communicate, but as no one claimed him, no description was given.

(8). Standing between you two ladies is the spirit-form of a young soldier about 26, fairly tall, very ethereal looking. He passed on during the war and he touches the shoulder of the elderly lady, and gives the name Owen ('Yes.') He says, Mother, I have William with me. We have Winifred with us. ('Yes.') He is speaking of Kathleen. They send their love to you and want me to tell you not to be anxious; all is well with them.

(9). "There is another gentleman here on the platform by the name of James Short. (Claimed.) Do you know John he has brought with him? (Assent.) He has also brought Gertrude and Oliver with him. James brings this message for you, Do not worry over us, dear; we are quite happy, and want you to be happy. Persevere in what you are trying to do, for all is well. You understand? ('Yes.')

Mrs. Roberts then said, "I am afraid I cannot go on with the people walking in and out"; and going over to Lady Doyle said, "I have a message for you, Sir Arthur is here, and he wants me to tell you—". Here her voice dropped so that only Lady Doyle and her family heard the message, which was of a private nature. While they were speaking the closing hymn was sung and the Benediction pronounced.

Lady Doyle afterwards stated that she was convinced that the message came from her husband. Mrs. Roberts said she first saw Sir Arthur during the two minutes' silence, and that when she was giving messages she saw him again distinctly and heard his "fine clear voice, which could not be mistaken."

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Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. SOME PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

OUR associations with Sir Arthur Conan Doyle have been mainly in connection with the cause of Spiritualism, but forty-nine years ago, while unknown to each other, we were fellow-students at Edinburgh University. Then Sir Arthur was concluding his medical course while we were beginning our pursuit of "the humanities." Then he was learning from Dr. Joseph Bell the art of reaching penetrating deductions from minute data, which gave him the cue for the creation of "Sherlock Holmes," while we were learning Greek (mingled with wisdom and humour) at the feet of John Stuart Blackie.

From the moment Sir Arthur's career as an author began we read every line from his pen with furious interest and intense admiration. It was in the region of politics, however, that we first came into personal contact.

At the beginning of this century he had ambitions to enter Parliament, and after unsuccessfully contesting Central Edinburgh in the Liberal-Unionist interest in 1900, he began to nurse the Border Burghs about 1904 as a champion of Tariff Reform. Being at the time on the editorial staff of the Tariff Reform League, we contributed some forty articles to the local press in support of his candidature, and at lunch one day we were able to post him on the political history and conditions of the constituency, which had been familiar to us from earliest youth. We were then greatly impressed by the homeliness and hearty camaraderie of so famous a man. Later we wrote him suggesting that his appearance at the great annual local festival, known as "Hawick Common-riding," might aid his candidature, and he replied:—

Grand Hotel, London, W.C.,
May 27, 1904.

MY DEAR MR. LEWIS,—All thanks for your very encouraging note. I hope to go up, and am enquiring now for a decent horse, as I don't want to do a John Gilpin performance across Hawick Common!—
Yours very truly,

ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

The traditional Free-Trade Radicalism of the Burghs, however, successfully resisted Sir Arthur's magnificent assault. His opponent was Mr. Thomas Shaw (now Lord Shaw of Dunfermline), and great play was made of the fact that Sir Arthur's address to the constituents was issued from his then residence—"UNDERSHAW, Hind-head." The local wits claimed that the first word in his address was a fatal omen, and unhappily they were correct!

THE END OF HIS AGNOSTICISM.

In the summer of 1915, when the Great War had been raging for about a year, we addressed a letter to a host of eminent men and women, to whom the sorrowing had a right to look for light and guidance, asking for their message of consolation to the world in tears.

We said:—

"The present is peculiarly a time of testing for all beliefs regarding Death and the Hereafter. They will now be proved to be wheat or chaff, substance or shadow, comfort or mockery, in face of the great widespread cloud of sorrow that is at present overshadowing the world."

The leading question we put to each was:—

"WHAT WOULD YOU SAY in response to the anguished cry of the bereaved Mother's heart, 'Where is my boy, and how fares it with him?' WHAT WOULD YOU SAY if you had gathered around you in a room, a group of fathers, mothers, wives, sisters, and lovers who have lost their dear ones, and who are looking towards you with confidence for a message that will assuage their grief, and give them calm assurance in place of doubt and perplexity?"

We received replies from the leading men in religion, philosophy, science, literature, and art, and while all were

full of sympathy, it is no exaggeration to say that none contained the light of a sure and certain hope of immortality excepting those which came from enlightened Spiritualists. We published these letters in October and November, 1915, and among them Sir Arthur's frank reply:—

"I fear I can say nothing worth saying. Time only is the healer."

That brief note, written on one of his visiting cards, marked the end of Sir Arthur's honest agnosticism. Long deeply interested in Psychical Research on its phenomenal and scientific side, he now devoted himself to an intense study of its humane and religious implications, and within a few months he launched out on his new career as the greatest Apostle of Spiritualism the world has ever known.

In his "Memories and Adventures," published in 1924, Sir Arthur refers to this period as follows:—

"In the days of universal sorrow and loss, when the voice of Rachel was heard throughout the land, it was borne in upon me that the knowledge which had come to me thus (as described in his first Spiritualistic books, entitled 'The New Revelation' and 'The Vital Message') was not for my own consolation alone, but that God had placed me in a very special position for conveying it to that world which needed it so badly.

"I found in the movement many men who saw the truth as clearly as I did; but such was the clamour of the 'religious,' who were opposing that which is the very essence of living religion, of the 'scientific,' who broke the first laws of science by pronouncing upon a thing which they had not examined, and of the Press, who held up every real or imaginary rascality as being typical of a movement which they had never understood, that the true men were abashed and shrank from the public exposition of their views."

"ONE GRAND HELP I HAD."

It was to combat this that he began a campaign in 1916 which, as he said, could "only finish when all is finished." He continued:—

"One grand help I had. My wife had always been adverse from my psychic studies, deeming the subject to be uncanny and dangerous. Her own experiences convinced her to the contrary, for her brother, who was killed at Mons, came back to us in a very convincing way. From that instant she threw herself with all the whole-hearted energy of her generous nature into the work which lay before us.

"A devoted mother, she was forced often to leave her children; a lover of home, she was compelled to quit it for many months at a time; distrustful of the sea, she joyfully shared my voyages. We have now travelled a good 50,000 miles upon our quest. We have spoken face to face with a quarter of a million of people. Her social qualities, her clear sanity, her ardent charity, and her gracious presence upon the platforms, all united with her private counsel and sympathy have been such an aid to me that they have turned my work into a joy. The presence of our dear children has also lightened them for both of us.

"I began our public expositions of the subject by three years of intermittent lecturing in this country, during which period I visited nearly every town of importance, many of them twice and thrice. Everywhere I found attentive audiences, critical, as they should be, but open to conviction. I roused antagonism only in those who had not heard me, and there were demonstrations outside the doors, but never in the halls. I cannot remember a single interruption during that long series of addresses.

"It was interesting to notice how I was upheld, for though I was frequently very weary before the address, and though my war lectures had often been attended by palpitation of the heart, I was never once conscious of any fatigue during or after a lecture on psychic subjects."

The space at our disposal makes it impossible to give in detail our personal recollections of the past fourteen years. They are mostly recorded in the files of this *Gazette*, from the time he appeared on the public platform at Brighton and announced that he and Lady Doyle had determined to devote the remainder of their lives to the propagation of Spiritualism's light and comfort, to the time when, as a sadly worn-out warrior, he appeared at the Albert Hall and Queen's Hall on Armistice Day last November.

Suffice it to say that during all that period he invariably showed himself not only a faithful and generous friend, but one of the greatest souls who ever walked God's earth. A man who had reached the highest pinnacle of fame as a literary artist and authoritative historian, he voluntarily became "a man of no reputation" that he might lead a despised sect, whom the law of the land

(Continued on page 175).

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle at Home. A WEEK-END AT BIGNELL WOOD.

By THE EDITOR.

(Reprinted from our Issue of November, 1928, on the Eve of Sir Arthur's South African Tour.)

IT is at "Bignell Wood," his summer residence, near Lyndhurst, Hampshire, where Sir Arthur Conan Doyle is best seen at home in the midst of his family, free for a little from the strain and embarrassment of being for ever in the glare of publicity, for as Montaigne truly says, "Fame pays off her votaries handsomely by keeping them always on view, like a statue in the market-place—*magna servita est magna fortuna*"—(a great position is great bondage).

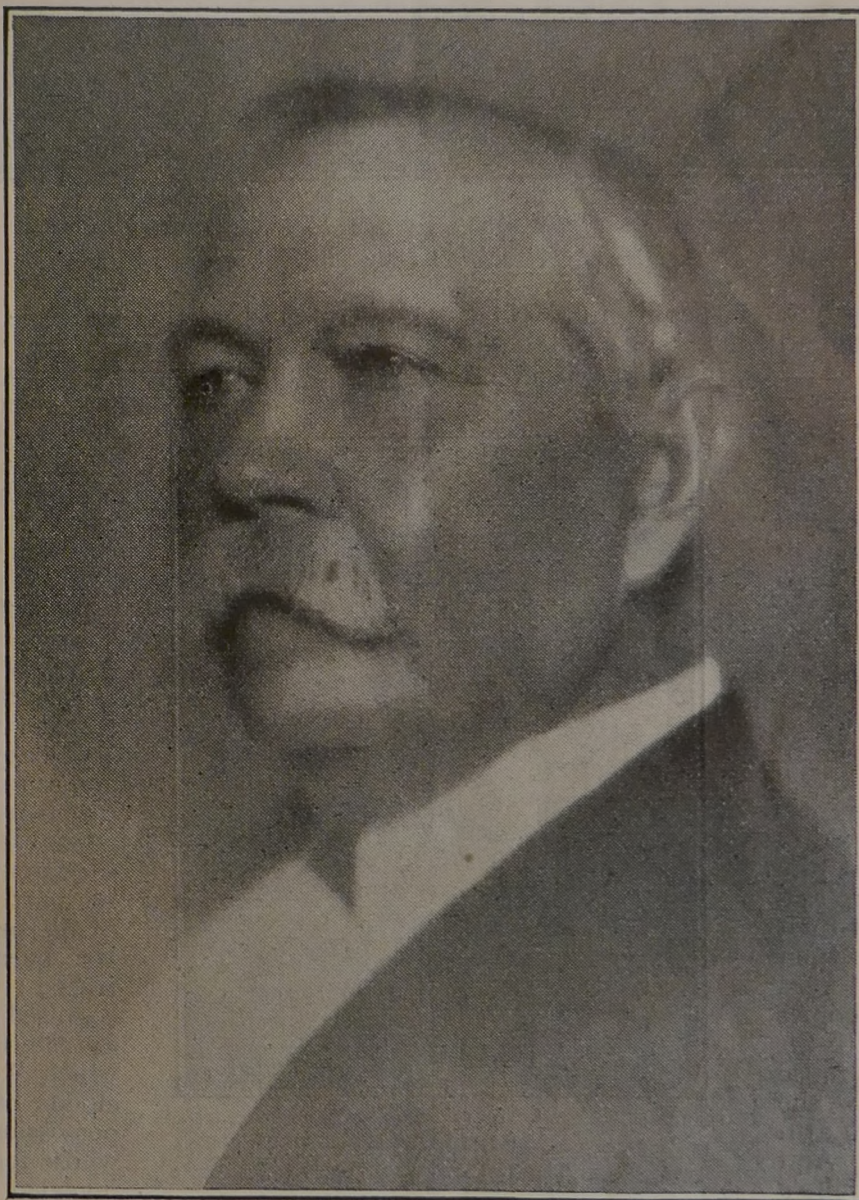
It was here on September 1 that Sir Arthur greeted us at his door in his bluff hearty way with "Hallo, Lewis, we have read 'The Lady and the Bell' at the breakfast table, and think it the best ghost story that has appeared for years. Malcolm (now known as Adrian) has found the true solution, I think." "What is it?" he ask. "She was a leper!" he replies. Turning to Malcolm, who had just motored us from Southampton, we ask, "Why a leper?" and he quietly responds, "Because in olden times lepers were compelled by law to wear a grey tunic and ring a bell at the approach of other persons, crying 'Unclean, unclean! leper!'" This solution fits so well the ghost of a lady in grey ringing a bell lately seen at midnight by a party of motorists near Stratford-on-Avon, that we perceive "Sherlock Holmes, junior" has in truth arrived! No one else has thought of an explanation so feasible. The best attempt a certain seasoned Shakespearean scholar made was to suggest that the highly respectable motorists must have been drunk!

Bignell Wood has an interesting story. Two years ago it was a solitary thatched cottage said to be two hundred years old. It stood on the edge of the New Forest, whose primeval trees came up to its walls. Now it stands a picturesque country residence, spread out with thatched additions in keeping with its primitive style. How this transformation came about is told us by Lady Doyle. All her life, she says, she has dreamt of the kind of home she would like above all others. It must have three things—river, forest, and thatch, a difficult combination to find, but at last, guided by psychic inspiration, she came upon this quaint thatched house embosomed among the trees, and lo! around it flowed a stream filled with rainbow trout. It so exactly fitted her dream of an earthly paradise that Sir Arthur at once bought it and gave it her as a present. Now it is surrounded by smooth lawns and beautifully laid out gardens, full of every variety of fragrant English flowers, designed and planted by Lady Doyle's own hands. Also it has a kitchen garden, a poultry yard, a clock golf course, a hard tennis court, and a commodious motor garage, all linked to the main thoroughfare by a broad sweeping carriage drive.

After lunch Sir Arthur retires for his usual siesta. Her Ladyship explains that he could never hold up without this little break in the middle of the day. But he must have enjoyed only about forty winks, for before very

long he emerges with a handful of letters for the post! He proposed that we should visit Tom Charman, a great friend of the fairies, who has seen them and talked to them for many years, and has often drawn pictures of the little folk as they gambol around him. He and his wife are idealists, and have founded a Utopian village at Godshill, Fordingbridge, where a little contented community are engaged in small-farming, weaving, and making pottery. When we call they have a houseful of visitors, but they come out to the car to chat and give us hearty greeting. Sir Arthur invites Tom to come to Bignell Wood for an experiment in fairy photography, and he says he is willing.

Sir Arthur recently published a delightful book on "The Coming of the Fairies," and as one of his lighter recreations he has set himself to court them as friends and neighbours! Dotted about the gardens of Bignell Wood are full-sized life-like images of members of the fairy tribe in Dutch pottery. Here at the side of a garden path is a comical brownie, with a basket on his back, a staff in his hand, and smoking a pipe. Not far off, a white-whiskered one grins through the hedge. On the river bank a queer old fellow fishes for trout while watching the white geese float on the surface of the water. All over the grounds things weird and wonderful keep peeping out to create an atmosphere of wonder and romance in this woodland retreat. By cultivating the fairies Sir Arthur hopes some day to photograph them himself. The housekeeper at Bignell Wood has a little eight-years-old daughter whom Sir Arthur sets occasionally on the stump of an old tree on the forest side of the garden gate, with a musical box going full song, while he waits with a Kodak ready to snap one of these elusive sprites! He has already secured faint hazy



SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE TO-DAY—

After twelve strenuous years' Apostleship of Spiritualism.

images in human form which give him promise of success.

The fact that Sir Arthur has been ahead of his time—ahead even of the Spiritualists—in his recognition of the existence of elemental life, has given the impression that he is credulous and easily deceived. To those who think so we would say, "Try him and see." One of the Editors of the *Scientific American* did try him recently with disastrous results to himself. He tried to pass a photograph, on which he had faked a spirit form, upon Sir Arthur. Not only was the deception recognised, but Sir Arthur was able at once to trace the perpetrator, although he had done his dishonest work through an intermediary. "After all," said Sir Arthur, "I suppose Sherlock is concealed somewhere about my person!"

Never, perhaps, was any great literary genius so blessed as Sir Arthur is in his family life. Lady Doyle is his constant companion in the home, on the platform, at public functions, and in his world travels. She shares all his interests and ideals, upholds him in his many battles, and watches over him like a guardian angel. His sons are great broad-shouldered stalwarts still in their teens. No one would guess their ages at eighteen and nineteen and a half. Denis, the elder, has selected medicine for his career, but Malcolm has not yet made

a decision. I rather fancy him as an admiral on a British battleship! Denis is perhaps more serious and philosophical, and Malcolm more daring and adventurous, though they are both sportsmen to their fingertips. They have a racing car of their own, and are familiar with all established pace records, which they mean to beat. Malcolm tells us gaily that he has already had nineteen smashes! He adds, "Pop sometimes comes out for a spin, and we let her rip! When going round corners at sixty miles an hour he leans over the outer edge just like a skilled mechanic!"

The only daughter is named "Billy" at home, perhaps because she is really one of the boys! She romps with them and partners them at tennis and golf; she is keen in her school life, an enthusiastic girl guide, a fine swimmer, and a lover of animals.

A wonderful affection unites the whole family. The boys call their father "Pop," and they appear all boys together on a basis of "liberty, equality, and fraternity." No one is over-awed by the super-powerful personality of the head of the house. The children treat him lovingly as an elder brother, and he takes an active part in all their games, and shares in all their interests and ambitions. Every morning a French tutor comes for an hour's conversation with Sir Arthur and the boys. They also learn Spanish together, and the father coaches Malcolm in Latin for a coming examination. And all as an ordinary part of life's great game. One hears no orders or requests or reproaches, all seem to anticipate the others' wishes, and love rules all.



BIGNELL WOOD.

The Earthly Paradise of Lady Doyle's Dreams.

"Billy" has a very bright, happy disposition, and a fine sense of humour. It does one good to hear her laughter when the unexpected denouement of a humorous story has unfolded itself. Her happiness is infectious. She mentions that she has had some trouble with her eyes, and we tell her of a wonderful spiritual healer who was once a principal baritone in the Carl Rosa Opera Company and who has made a

blind man see. She says she will try him, and she is now receiving his treatments.

On Sunday morning Sir Arthur took us for a long promenade through the forest. It was a day of beautiful sunshine, and that walk over the velvety sward through the leafy glades and over rough heather and shaggy bracken will remain ever memorable. Sir Arthur discussed with us the philosophy of Spiritualism, and were this the place to set down a Platonic dialogue of two modern peripatetic philosophers the talk might interest many. It traversed every aspect of the human soul and envisaged solutions of age-long problems yet undreamt of in the official schools of philosophy, though a generation hence they may well be part of the common thought of the people. For the soul has at last been discovered; its history traced; its place in nature recognised; it is now seen not as a mysterious supernatural something which "cometh from afar trailing clouds of glory," but an inherited possession of undying substance, whose form and faculties have been revealed by Spiritualistic Science.

In the afternoon we were lounging in the sunshine on the lawn when Sir Arthur emerged from his study and



"BILLY"—

The Joy of the Home.



"THE BOYS"—

Adrian, Denis, and their Father.



"THE MOTORISTS."

Sir Arthur setting out on a spin.

called, "Lewis, there's been an accident. Come!" We paced after him over the river bridge down the drive towards a group gathered around a young lady, who had been riding pillion on her fiancé's motor-cycle. A passing motor-car had touched their wheel and the young lady was thrown on to her shoulder. Sir Arthur, whose professional skill has been seldom called upon since the South African war, found that her collar-bone was broken, and tenderly bound it up. While this was being done we asked the anxious group if they knew who the doctor was. One answered, "He is the doctor who lives in that house." We said, "He is Sir Arthur Conan Doyle," and they seemed then to feel honoured rather than distressed at having been the occasion of calling for Sir Arthur's medical attentions! Lady Doyle and her daughter were first on the scene with everything necessary for first aid, and the two boys took the invalid to Southampton hospital in a saloon car. Sir Arthur rang up the hospital next day, and was told by the surgeon that their patient had already been able to leave the hospital, owing to the prompt and skilful treatment she had received on the spot.

In our chats Sir Arthur reveals to us that he is starting for South Africa on his last long missionary journey for Spiritualism, though he may thereafter visit the principal European capitals to round off his self-imposed mission. He is obviously feeling the strain of overwork, but by the side of his long chair on the lawn lies a large print Bible, from which he is unearthing the most striking Old Testament stories to represent them in modern dress. And up in his quiet study which looks out on the forest he is boiling down the six volumes of his "British Campaigns in Europe: 1914-1918," into a single volume of 1,000 pages, which will be published next month. This work is destined to become the authoritative popular account of the Great War, for it was the very first to give full and accurate details of the battle line during its progress.

And there is an adjacent room we ought to mention called "Pheneas' Room." It is the *sanctum sanctorum* in Bignell Wood where Sir Arthur and his family converse with his wise spiritual guide "Pheneas" and other spirit friends with the aid of Lady Doyle as medium. "Pheneas'" favourite colour is purple, and wall papers,

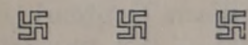
lamp shades, and curtains are all in tones of that colour. Visitors who enter this room say they feel a tremendous psychic atmosphere, a something that strikes deep into their souls, for it is consecrated to the world now invisible but eternal. The end of our visit arrives. The car is brought out. We get in with the boys. Lady Doyle and "Billy" wave us a kind adieu, and Sir Arthur, comically shouldering a sporting gun, gives us a playful salute!

We shall never forget the homely hospitality of this great man, whose books are to be found in the bookshops of every country under the sun, and whose future fame as the creator of "Sherlock Holmes" is as secure as that

of Scott, Dickens, or Alexandre Dumas. As a criminologist he is the only living private individual who has ever successfully established the innocence of men long immured in penal servitude, as in the cases of Edalji and Oscar Slater. But I venture to think that his greatest claim to rank amongst the immortals will be based on his last twelve years' strenuous, courageous, uncompromising and self-sacrificing Apostleship of Spiritualism, with which he has truly blessed humanity. He has been for that modern movement what the Apostle Paul was for early Christianity, carrying its light and comfort to the uttermost ends of the earth. Twelve years ago it was little more than a bitterly despised faith; now it is an article of cherished belief respected throughout the world—fast dispelling the gross religious darkness that had grown up through the ages, and unveiling the spiritual world as an ever-present reality just across the way.



SIR ARTHUR AND LADY CONAN DOYLE.
This photograph was taken during their Australian Tour in 1920.



THE PSYCHIC BOOKSHOP.

One of the landmarks in Sir Arthur's great crusade for the cause was the opening some five or six years ago of the Psychic Bookshop, opposite Westminster Abbey. It was even something more than a library and bookshop, for it contained a most interesting Museum of psychic pictures, manuscripts, and apports. In the management of the Bookshop Sir Arthur was fortunate in having the devoted assistance of his elder daughter, Miss Mary Conan Doyle.



THE FAIRY LURE—
The Child who attracted the Fairies.



AFTERNOON TEA.
Sir Arthur takes tea in the Forest garden.

The Chief Apostle of Spiritualism.

BY R. H. SAUNDERS.

THE tributes to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, which pour in from all quarters, testify to his ability as an author, his prowess in sport, his medical services in the Boer War, his value to the Empire in the Great War, his masterly creation of "Sherlock Holmes," which took the whole world by storm, and other phases of his many-sided nature, but the side which appeals to us most, his work for Spiritualism, has received but scant recognition by the Press.

Of this aspect we have cause for great thankfulness, and proportionately we feel intense sorrow at the loss of the greatest asset the Cause has ever possessed.

When we remember that it was at the apogee of a popularity second only to Charles Dickens he risked all, and, throwing to the winds all personal considerations, devoted himself to the public advocacy of an unpopular subject many authors were content to espouse *sub rosa*, we may glimpse some measure of his courage. He lifted the subject of Spiritualism on to a pinnacle it would never have attained without his eloquent advocacy. We have able men and women in the Movement, but none can adequately wear his mantle, for he was the Chief Apostle of Spiritualism, without a peer.

What he did for the Cause in public is only a fraction of what he did for it privately. His generosity was never blazoned forth, few have known of his unstinted munificence, and none knew its full extent.

Personally, I have to mourn the loss of a dear and valued friend, whose advice and counsel were ever at my service. At a time when I was giving a helping hand to a great medium, who, with all his gifts, was also a great rascal, and became involved in litigation, he not only offered to help in the expense (which I did not permit) but wrote me sympathetically—"I was sorry that the case was not fought out. I wanted the public to know that your troubles arose from the Christian desire to help a lame dog over the stile; you lifted him out of the mud, whilst others were stamping upon him."

W. T. STEAD AT HIS RECEPTION.

On the evening of the day of Sir Arthur's funeral I was privileged to have a sitting with Mrs. Cooper, the voice medium. My wife and daughter manifested, said they were with me at the funeral, and spoke of the wonderful reception Sir Arthur had received to the Spheres. Then a deep masculine voice interrupted our conversation.

"You know me, friend Saunders," said the Voice.

"I hope I do," I replied. "Who is it?"

"Why, Stead; William T. Stead."

"Oh!" I exclaimed, "it's more than a year since I spoke with you, Mr. Stead."

"Ah!" was the reply, "but occasions like this don't occur every day. I was one of the first to meet my old friend Doyle. There were many there who appreciated him, and some High Spirits joined the Band of Welcome. We had long looked forward to this day."

"Was he conscious?" I asked.

"No, not fully," replied Mr. Stead, "but sufficiently so to feel the warmth of the greeting; when full realisation comes the vibrations of exquisite happiness will be his. Radiant happiness will be his portion, my friend. Just now his wishes are that we support his dear wife; and our good friend Abduhl Latif is helping."

"There is another of the family needing help," I said. "Oh! yes, the son, but that will be alright. Abduhl will see to that. We rejoice exceedingly to have his father with us."

"Not a hint was given to me, when I sat recently, of his passage," I observed.

"No, nor is it always wise to do so, although there are occasions when we are permitted to pierce the future. All the tests desired will in due course be forthcoming to the family."

Sir Arthur was well acquainted with the great Persian physician, Abduhl Latif, who attended him in his illness. He had, on several occasions, spoken with this wonderful spirit, who had ornamented the distinguished Court of the Great Saladin of history, and it was due to Sir Arthur's own suggestion that Abduhl gave us one of the most interesting addresses I ever recorded. Sir Arthur had asked if Abduhl would tell us something of his own life (he lived in the twelfth century of our era) and work. The result was that we received an intensely interesting account of the Crusaders, of Saladin himself, and of Abduhl's life in those far off days. We were told how the Egyptian pyramids were built, of lost Atlantis, and the solution of many problems which have puzzled mankind throughout the ages.

Of a sitting once where Abduhl Latif manifested, Sir Arthur wrote—"It was a privilege to be present yesterday. I have seldom been more impressed. It was a remarkable exhibition of wisdom and learning, and far, far beyond the medium in manner and matter."

Of the effect of the ministrations of our good friend and physician, Abduhl, he spoke appreciatively. "I have been free from pain now for forty-eight hours," he wrote me. Again, "Abduhl is right; I am better." "Abduhl Latif is splendid; I have been much better since," and so on.

One letter I received sums up Sir Arthur's whole attitude to life, is typical of the man, and reveals his determination to fight to the last gasp. "May all good be with you," he wrote, "and may we both meet again still fighting fit. When I cease to be fit for fighting I am ready for permanent retirement."

SIR ARTHUR AT SEANCES.

I have sat with Sir Arthur at many seances. He brought to the sittings, in conjunction with a sane and critical attitude, sympathy and understanding of the difficulties of the unknown laws governing phenomena; and manifestations were always the better for this combination. His influence, the weight of his authority, and the position he held socially, and in other respects, induced many to attend these seances who would otherwise have held aloof. I have seen several of the most distinguished men in literature, law, and commerce; in naval, military, and social circles, at these sittings, which I recorded verbatim, though I have no authority to divulge names.

At subsequent discussions Sir Arthur would meet all queries of the uninitiated with his customary vigour and clarity. He was always at his best in dealing with "questions," both privately and on the platform. But a premonition was his that platform work, which he had raised to high excellence in many parts of the world, was over, for on November 25, 1929, he wrote me—"I fear the platform will see me no more, but when I say that in the last week I have written four communications to the Press, two letters to the *Express*, one article in the *Sunday Graphic* of yesterday, and one for the *Daily Mail* to appear next week, you will admit that though wounded I am still firing my rifle. We have been comrades, you and I, in a great battle, and seem to see victory coming."

Of a certain paper which promised to insert an article of mine, he wrote—"It is a shabby pulpit, but if you can reach a million folk, is it not worth while?"

The action of a certain journalist, in breaking a condition he had agreed to, caused Sir Arthur great distress. "What are we to say to this skunk?" he wrote; "I bound him in advance to complete secrecy as to any personal reference, and without the slightest scruple he broke the compact."

Like many prominent men, he found that any statement he made was apt to be garbled, and so Sir Arthur once wrote me—"I need not tell you that the alleged interview in the — is all nonsense, the product of a fool and a long distance telephone!"

For some two or three years before his passing Sir Arthur was much concerned by a number of warnings he received of some great impending calamity, and he asked me to make enquiries as to this from those I was in communication with in the Spheres. I did so, and was told that although disasters were in store in air, water, and on earth for humanity, there was no cataclysm of world-wide character in view. I told him so, and he replied—"It may be so, and I am aware that alarms before have come to nothing. Also plans may be modified either because there is some higher tribunal at the back which overrules, or because of some change in the human situation. Still, even if we make every possible allowance, these warnings have come unsought and often unwelcome in many quarters, and are all roughly to the same effect. They have also been accompanied by a notable increase in the seismic activity, and in the very quarters with which the warnings deal. I think they may be taken seriously, for they represent a psychic phenomenon for which I know no parallel. The messages hint at a period of terrific natural convulsions during which a large portion of the human race will perish. Earthquakes and tidal waves would seem to be the agents, and that deaths are not to be indiscriminate, but selective. I find this difficult to understand, unless it be that gasses will be released from the earth, and some will be immune. I have no certainty over these events. I can but pass on what has been passed to me. In the eastern phrase, 'What will be will be,' and so we must leave it."

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle leaves a sweet memory of a lovable nature. What better epitaph is possible?

Sir Arthur's Last Work for the Cause.

INTRODUCES DEPUTATION ON THE WITCHCRAFT AND VAGRANCY ACTS.

BY ONE OF THE DELEGATES.

FOR the first time in the history of the prolonged battle for civil and religious freedom for Spiritualists, official recognition of their case has been accorded by the Government of the day. That was secured as the result of a personal appeal by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle to the Prime Minister, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, and the Home Secretary, Mr. J. R. Clynes, agreed to receive a deputation on the subject on Tuesday, July 1.

On the previous afternoon, June 30, a preliminary meeting was held at the rooms of the London Spiritualist Alliance to discuss the procedure to be observed in the interview arranged with the Home Secretary. There was a considerable attendance from societies and organisations connected with the Spiritualist movement, and a letter was read from Sir E. N. Bennett, M.P., stating that the Alliance would not join the deputation, but giving no reason for that amazing withdrawal at the last moment.

Mr. Ernest Oaten, Editor of the *Two Worlds*, read a statement outlining the points to be submitted to the Home Secretary. A discussion ensued, but there was general agreement that the statement, which had been prepared by Mr. George E. Berry, the General Secretary of the Spiritualists' National Union, and by Mr. Oaten covered the ground admirably.

It was hoped that Sir Arthur Conan Doyle would head the deputation, but as his state of health was precarious there was no certainty of this, and it was arranged that should he not be well enough to introduce them, Mr. Hannen Swaffer would do so.

On the following morning the deputation went to the Home Office, amongst those present being Sir Arthur and Lady Conan Doyle, the Viscountess Molesworth, Mr. G. E. Berry, Mr. E. Oaten, Mr. Hannen Swaffer, the Rev. G. Vale Owen, the Rev. G. Drayton Thomas, Mrs. Champion de Crespigny, Miss Lind af Hageby, Mr. Maurice Barbanell, and Mr. R. H. Saunders.

THE GREAT STRAIN ON SIR ARTHUR.

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE introduced the deputation, and succinctly stated the Spiritualist case. It was obvious that the strain upon him was great. That powerful voice which had filled the largest halls in the world on countless occasions, though still audible, was pitifully feeble, and so obvious was Sir Arthur's weakness that Mr. Clynes asked him to be seated. Sir Arthur then quite remarkably anticipated the only objection Mr. Clynes raised to the precis previously sent him of what would be submitted (*i.e.*, a reference to the word "callous" as applied to the police) and said the onus of prosecutions should be upon the public, not on the police.

The Rev. E. DRAYTON THOMAS spoke for the religious side, and said the consolation derived from a belief in Spiritualism obtained through the agency of mediums was of the greatest help to the clergy.

Mrs. CHAMPION DE CRESPIGNY stressed the point that for a scientific investigation of psychical phenomena mediums are essential, and are but the human instruments through which the work is carried on.

Mr. HANNEN SWAFFER spoke as from "the man in the street," and said he received letters daily asking for help and advice, but dared not recommend mediums in the present condition of the law.

Mr. E. OATEN read the statement of the case agreed upon. It was a very comprehensive one, vigorously phrased, and it is to be hoped will be printed and circulated amongst the various societies, as it covers the ground from practically all aspects. One of the chief points insisted on was the necessity for mediums with their psychic gifts, both for the religious and scientific sides.

The HOME SECRETARY, in reply, said in effect:—The summary submitted to me leaves me in no doubt as to your position, and the narrative read by Mr. Oaten, although long, is not too long for the occasion. It provides fact and argument, and shows that the movement has far wider and larger international interest than I had a notion of. Bear in mind the law as laid down in the Vagrancy Act was for all, and was not specially passed against Spiritualists. Proceedings are frequently taken by the police, and I do not like the term "callous." I am responsible for the police, and that is a stigma. I want to see tolerance observed towards individuals and organised religions, and no interference with the

conscience of any one, but the Law is as it is, and I would suggest that you frame a Bill and get a private member of the House of Commons to help to introduce it. We (that is, the Government) would meet the Bill with sympathy, and no difficulty would be placed in your way. A Private Member's Bill would have really greater freedom than a Government measure. There are two or three points you might answer, and especially, how would you effect control?

Mr. Oaten explained the system of licensing mediums, which had proved of use in his own district.

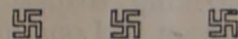
SIR ARTHUR AND THE L.S.A.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, writing to a member of the deputation from Windlesham, just before his passing, thus referred to the occasion and to the extraordinary defection of the London Spiritualist Alliance:—

"It was a great strain at the deputation, and I felt very weak, but I think I placed the matter fairly to Clynes, and as I stressed the point that the onus should be on the public, and not on the police, it should help in inducing a sympathetic attitude.

"The action of the L.S.A. is deplorable, and in direct opposition to its attitude up to the very last moment. No hint was given to me as President of the Alliance of any change, and we were led to assume it was in harmony with us. I have been quite ignored, and have resigned my position as President of the L.S.A., and at the end of the year Lady Doyle and myself will resign our membership. The Alliance has gone dead against me . . . I feel it very much."

There is little doubt from the above letter that the disloyalty and discourtesy of the London Spiritualist Alliance had a very disastrous effect on Sir Arthur's sadly enfeebled heart.



THE PASSING OF ARTHUR.

By Mrs. ST. CLAIR STOBART.

IN his "passing," as in his life, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has been an inspiration. Even those who knew the heroic lady, whose love, devotion, and selflessness made possible his great labours, were scarcely prepared for the demonstration she gave to the world, of the wholeheartedness of Spiritualist belief that Death is only an incident of Life. It was magnificent!

For this funeral at Crowborough, in the beautiful garden of his own much-loved country home—(was this indeed a funeral? or was it a garden party to celebrate birth into new life?)—where were the funeral trappings? the signs of grief, of hopeless sorrow, and despair? The chief mourner was a gracious hostess, who greeted friends with the assurance that her beloved husband had not left his home.

Far from being the weeping recipient of condolences from friends, it was she who comforted us, by her serene confidence that only the worn-out garment was being buried in that grave beside the rustic hut where he was wont to write, and think, and inspire men to a knowledge of eternal verities. He himself was with her, and would be to the end.

In the history of Spiritualism, that funeral and that wonderful memorial service in the Albert Hall will be beacons, marking a new stage, an advanced stage of thought concerning Life and the After-life—a stage of thought which has been largely brought about by him whose earthly presence, example, and guidance we shall sadly miss.

But that is selfish, and as we stood upon that green lawn at Windlesham, on a perfect July day, looking out over a glorious vista of purple hills, and valleys leading to the summer sea, we felt that we were not at a funeral, but that, like Tennyson's bold Sir Bedivere, we were watching "the Passing of Arthur to the island valley of Avilion, where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow, nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard lawns, and bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea, where he will heal him of his grievous wound."

Other Press and Personal Tributes to Sir Arthur.

SIR ARTHUR'S great crusade for the cause of Spiritualism, though never a very popular factor with the Press, was regarded with, perhaps, a greater amount of respect than is generally realized, and the references to it on the occasion of his passing were not unkindly. Here are a few quotations, together with some further personal tributes sent to this *Gazette* :—

The "Daily Telegraph" :—

"... More important still, for a full appreciation of the man, is his perpetual ardour in forcing his own fervent convictions on the public. The names of Adolf Beck, Edalji, and Oscar Slater, recall a series of desperate campaigns. His last and most passionate was fought for Spiritualism."

"News-Chronicle" :—

"It would be grotesque (he would himself have been the first to admit it) to claim for Doyle anything approaching the intellectual eminence of Sir Oliver Lodge; yet the cause of Spiritualism to which they both devoted themselves with the same zeal owes far more to the tireless, fiery advocacy of the author than to the championship of the great scientist."

The "Daily Express" :—

"A point of remarkable interest attaches to Sir Arthur's Spiritualistic belief. He and Lady Doyle had between them a secret code word which is to be used in any communication now that one of them has passed over. That code word will guarantee the genuineness of any message."

"Truth" :—

"In his later years he became an ardent Spiritualist, and it is as an Apostle in that movement that he wished posterity to remember him. He was in the best sense of the term a thorough sportsman, and the world seems diminished now that he has left it."

The "Daily Herald."

"The most striking display of the growth of Spiritualism ever seen in London."

The "Manchester Guardian" (which gave a most excellent and sympathetic Report of the Service) :—

"The conduct of the meeting was admirable in its dignity and restraint."

"Endeared to Countless Americans" :—

"Thousands of persons in the United States," states Reuter's correspondent in New York (quoted by the *Morning Post*), "read with the deepest regret the news of the death of Sir Arthur, whose immortal stories of 'Sherlock Holmes,' and whose wide activities in the field of Spiritualism endeared him to countless Americans."

The Service was reported at unusual length by most of the papers, and was followed, in subsequent issues of the *Daily Mail* and the *Daily Express*, by striking letters from Lady Conan Doyle, Mrs. St. Clair Stobart, Mr. R. H. Saunders, and Mr. Hannen Swaffer.

The Viscount Molesworth :—

"The passing of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle is an irreparable loss to the world. A pioneer and leader of a spiritual movement of vast importance, no sacrifice was too great for him to make in what he knew to be a righteous cause. His last effort, a few days ago, in going to London at the head of a deputation to the Home Secretary with a petition to amend an antiquated and unjust act must have been too great a strain on his heart. He may be said to have given his life for religious freedom. A great and noble heart, full of courage and determination, his work in fighting materialism has been a comfort and blessing to millions."

Mr. H. Dennis Bradley.

"Despite our philosophy, and our absolute knowledge that the spirit survives and there is no death, the loss of Arthur Conan Doyle's physical presence on earth is a sad one. He was a really great man. His magnificent courage, his tenacity, his determination to establish the greatest truth that man can learn, have earned for him the love and regard of the millions of Spiritualists throughout the world. He was a noble and inspiring leader, and one looks in vain for anyone big enough to take his place."

It is impossible to estimate the value to humanity of his life's work. The future will bear the fruit, and centuries from now history will appraise him at his true worth."

Mrs. Champion de Crespigny.

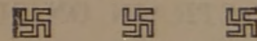
"In the passing of such men as Sir Arthur Conan Doyle we realise what an impress a vivid personality can leave behind it. The world is better for contact with so great a soul. At the zenith of his fame in literature he was content to forego much of this world's rewards, royally spending his time and energy in passing on to humanity the great truth with which he had been entrusted. Most workers for Spiritualism are called upon to give up something in life, but few have so much to give as Arthur Conan Doyle—and he gave it freely."

Monsieur Pascal Forthuny.

"Alas! It is too true: our great Example is no longer of this world. Sir Arthur has left us to finish our tasks as he has completed his. Our great and dear friend now reposes after wearing himself out with ceaseless work, and my heart and spirit go out towards his dear family, Lady Conan Doyle and her children. They have certainly the confidence and valour of those who can see in this terrestrial death a moment that is painful, but one which marks no final separation. The departure was so sudden that their human sensibility and love for a being so tenderly loved by them must have been a severe trial, but I know they will have bravely endured the cruel blow."

Mrs. C. H. Noe, The Hague, Holland.

"We Spiritualists over here will never forget the visit of the brave Leader, the warm untiring Champion of our Cause, nor his unflinching faith in the conquering future of Spiritualism for which he sacrificed his last strength. No wonder that his brave unselfish spirit manifested so soon and so clearly. Lady Doyle has indeed received the crown on her faith and belief that there would be no separation. Her wonderful courage to appear before the great audience at her departed husband's memorial service has been fully rewarded."



REGULAR Sunday Evening Meetings in the Queen's Hall, Langham Place, W., will start on August 10, under the auspices of the Marylebone Spiritualist Association. The names of speakers and clairvoyants for each Sunday will be found in advertisement on front of cover.

OUR SEPTEMBER NUMBER

will contain many interesting articles necessarily held over from our Conan Doyle Memorial Number including the following :—

LORD BALFOUR AS A CRYSTAL GAZER—
Sir Arthur Vindicated. Mrs. Sidgwick's Error.

THE REALITY OF SPIRITUALISM. A Reply to Commander Locker-Lampson, M.P., by Capt. Q. C. R. Craufurd, R.N.

HEREWARD CARRINGTON AND THE MEDIUMS—" Varied, Baffling, and Best Attested Phenomena."

MONSIEUR PASCAL FORTHUNY'S CORRESPONDENCE with Dr. Woolley, of the S.P.R., relative to another splenetic attack on a famous Medium by Mr. Theodore Besterman.

OUR MONTHLY INTERNATIONAL CHRONICLE. Etc., etc., etc.

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE wrote—"I greatly admire the 'Gazette' and the masterly way in which it is conducted."

To be had through any Newsagent if ordered for regular delivery, or may be had direct from the Publishing Office.



MRS. ESTELLE ROBERTS, the clairvoyant at the Memorial Service, is a slender figure in black, with dark hair and dark mystic eyes.

No better choice could have been made, for she is undoubtedly the best platform medium of to-day. Her mediumship is really marvellous, as names, surnames, descriptions, details of the most intimate kind are given.

When three years ago she had a packed audience at the Queen's Hall for the Armistice Service, we said it

needed no prophet to foretell she would fill again and again that hall and others as large and larger.

Whilst giving clairvoyance she sees the hall filled with spirits. To her they are more vivid than the people of this world. Some wear spirit robes, others, she says, project clothes mentally on to their spirit bodies, and so real do these clothes appear that she is able to describe them right down to the pattern on the dress.

SOME PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS

(continued from page 168).

still regards as "rogues and vagabonds," in the dissemination of their New Revelation of the early Christian knowledge that

"There is no Death,

What seems so is Transition."

It is no exaggeration to say that he enlightened and comforted millions of souls, even in the uttermost parts of the earth, so that they are able to exclaim triumphantly with the Apostle Paul—

"Oh death, where is thy sting!

Oh grave, where is thy victory!"

His mission was no mere intellectual pose of a man seeking to propagate a personal opinion, but a strenuous daily battle involving the expenditure of every ounce of his superabundant vitality to bring a materialistic and agnostical world, which had got out of touch with eternal realities, into living relationship with God and His angels.

And what ignominy he was called upon to suffer, and bravely suffered, in fulfilling his God-given task! He was not called upon to "fight wild beasts at Ephesus" like St. Paul, but like his Lord and Master he had to contend daily with the Scribes and Pharisees of his own day—the Scribes who never hesitated to twist and ridicule and empoison spiritual facts, and the Pharisees who pretended they were the sacrosanct custodians of divine light, but were merely, like those of old, "blind leaders of the blind."

But Sir Arthur did not become embittered in the strife. He maintained his balance as a valiant Christian warrior, confident that the cause of Truth, Love and Righteousness would ultimately prevail. And he met Death with a smile, knowing that "the King of Terrors" was an exploded myth.

His last words as he passed into unconsciousness here were to his wife, who shared in all his spiritual ideals and terrestrial struggles—"You are wonderful!" And his first vibrant message from across the veil was to her, for it is on her brave shoulders above all others that his prophetic mantle has now fallen.

J. L.

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